

THE RECLAIMER



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ROWLAND R. LEHMAN,
Business Manager



THE RECLAIMER

Vol. I.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

No. 18.

Action Taken on Soldier Peddlers

Colonel Arthur Woods Writes the Chiefs of Police of all Cities. Asks Co-operation, and Attacks Those who Employ Soldiers and Sailors for Peddling

Col. Arthur Woods, assistant to the Secretary of War, has written to the Chief of Police in every city in the United States asking for the co-operation of the police in dealing with the peddler, panhandler, and street faker in the uniform of the army and navy.

In his letter Colonel Woods attacks the employers who make it possible for a discharged soldier or sailor to peddle on the streets, calling them "cooties" who do this sort of thing simply to play on the public sympathy which the uniform arouses. He says that the uniform is as sacred as the flag itself and that the police forces of the country can do no finer thing than to "go to any limit to protect it."

Colonel Woods states in his letter that at least 80 per cent of the men coming out of the army and navy go straight to their homes, leaving but 20 per cent to linger around the cities, and that but a very few of these resort to the use of the uniform for improper purposes. He describes how the chief of police in New Haven solved the problem of soldier, sailor, and marine panhandlers and cleared the town of them in twenty-four hours, indicating that the same thing can be done in almost every community.

The letter follows:

War Department, Office of the Assistant to the Secretary, Washington, D. C.

My dear Chief:—I am writing to you as one old policeman to another. You know all of the angles of the street faking and panhandling game. You are dealing with it daily in its many phases, just as I had to deal with it as Police Commissioner of the City of New York.

Although the demobilization of our Army and Navy has not progressed far, the discharged soldier, sailor and marine in uniform peddling in our streets is a problem to engage our most serious attention.

You know as well as I how grateful the country is to those who have served it in the military and naval forces, and that no discharged man has to resort to panhandling for a living. You know as well as I that the cooties who send them out to do this sort of thing are doing it simply to play upon the public sympathy which the uniform arouses and will continue to arouse for a long time to come. The man sleeping in Flanders Fields and in the Argonne, and on the hills around Chateau-Thierry who can never come back, and the great majority of their pals who are returning to civil life to pick it up where they left off, have made that uniform as sacred as the flag itself, and the police forces of the United States could do no finer thing than to go to any limit to protect it.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2.)

Mail Restrictions Are Removed

An order has been issued from the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster General removing the mail restrictions of the parcels to the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe.

Postmasters have been advised that hereafter, parcels not exceeding seven pounds in weight, containing mailable articles, including books, may be accepted for mailing to soldiers and others, civilians included, connected with the American Forces in Europe, without being accompanied with a request of the addressee, approved by his regimental or other commanding officer, provided the parcels are properly prepared and addressed. These parcels must be fully prepaid and otherwise conform to the conditions governing the transmission of mail to those forces. Information concerning these regulations may be found in Article 55, pages 15 and 16, of August, 1918, Supplement to the Postal Guide and notice of the Third Assistant Postmaster General's office, April 10, 1918, relative to the manner of addressing mail for the American Expeditionary Forces appearing in the Postal Bulletin of April 11. Parcels for the Expeditionary Forces may not be registered, insured or sent C. O. D.

Attention! Soldiers and Sailors!

This is to inform you that there is now in process of formation an organization of men who wore the uniform of the United States army, navy and marine corps.

This organization is known as the American Legion, a name decided upon at a caucus of enlisted men and officers at a meeting of the A. E. F. in Paris last spring, but one which must have the endorsement of later conventions.

The enlisted personnel of the army, navy, and marine corps is behind it.

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel Bennett Clark are among the men who are temporarily directing the tentative organization.

The purpose of the Legion is non-partisan and non-political; it will keep alive the principles of justice, freedom and democracy for which these veterans fought, and will preserve to future generations the history and incidents of their participation in the war, and will cement and perpetuate the ties of comradeship formed in the service.

There is a committee of this organization in your state.

This committee wants you to join and its chairman will welcome a letter from you and will reply to it. By the time you get home there will be a post or "dugout" forming in your own town or city in all

(Continued on Page 13, Col. 3.)

Getting the Proper Viewpoint

(By John Galsworthy, the famous English playwright and author.)

I have seen the English soldier in hospital, and the French soldier in hospital, but I have not seen the American. The English soldier is wonderful in his way, so is the French; I am sure that the American soldier is not less wonderful than either. Without having seen him suffer one can yet feel certain of his grit, and of his unselfishness. And to men so much better than one's self, one feels shy of saying anything. But perhaps out of my experience, such as it is, I may venture to give you men in hospitals one hint. You remember Dumas' great novel, Monte Christo, where the hero was wrongfully imprisoned in the Chateau d'If. Instead of giving way to gloom and despair, he set himself to cultivate his mind and his will-power, so that when at last he escaped he was the most perfectly cultivated man, with the strongest will-power in France. That, of course, was romance, but romance gilding truth. When Fate is imprisoning in hospital the sick or maimed soldier, fate is giving that man a chance which he, perhaps, will never get again. If a man in a hospital makes up his mind that in the time he is there he will master some definite thing, an occupation useful to his future, a language, mathematics, natural science, history, or even only the habit of reading and remembering what he reads, he will not only kill the time, but he will come out of that hospital with a sense of power, and the feeling that one has who has been up against odds and has won out. Suffering, I know, gives a man such a tired feeling, that the effort to concentrate his mind seems at first altogether too much of a good thing. But if there's one truth the war has taught, it is this: The spirit and the body of a man act and react on each other in a way we never used to realize. Gird up the mind and the spirit, and the body responds; one gets well twice as fast. Forget your body is something you have determined to do and, behold, you are better than you thought you were. The quality in life which counts before all others is will-power. If you come out of the hospital with your will-power strengthened you can afford to whistle at bodily disabilities, and the future will have no terrors for you. And the way to strengthen your will-power in the hospital is, as I say, to take up some definite work and stick to it. I have seen men in England and France drifting out with the slack ebb tide of hospital life, and I've seen men swimming for the shore. I know which have come out of that sea the better, the happier, the stronger.

So that's my hint. But it's so much easier to say this sort of thing to others than to do it oneself. Forgive me, then, for saying it, and the best of luck to you all.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Every little makes a mickle." Sixteen "Thrifties" make a W. S. S.

JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE

BY LIEUT. DODGE

Continued — Part 6

On the third day of the Saint Mihiel drive, I was ordered to go up front to assist in dressing the wounded. I was to be ready at dark, but as there was some hitch we did not get started until about three a. m., so I lay down on a stretcher, which by the way makes a very good bed, and had a few hours of much needed rest. The driver came and wakened me, and soon I was on the move over very dark and rough roads. There were no lights and everything was very quiet as far as we were concerned, save for the noise of the ambulance as it tore over the road. It was the most exciting ride I ever had, driving along narrow crooked roads which had been torn by shells only a few hours before, at top speed, because we had to make a long way into the advance, and with now and then a shell tearing overhead or bursting with a blinding flash, not far to one side or the other and the terrible shrieking of shells as they went over the surrounding area as if searching for some human mark. We passed through a ruined town of some size, and I could just make out some of the remains of houses which had been blown to pieces by the Germans as they left. There was not a house left standing in the whole town and there were places where only large holes marked the sight of some old French home. We kept on, all the time getting nearer to the German lines—a fact which we guessed because the shells were coming faster and the noise more intense. Right here I pause to say that I think that noise in battle is a big factor as the bullets, for noise seems to inspire fear and has been almost the only reason for the many nervous breakdowns which we have seen in the advance areas. We finally made our entrance into a small town called Thiaucourt. It was so dark that we could see only a few feet in front of us and the driver whispered to me to swing off as he rounded the corner at the foot of the hill and go in under the ruins at the left. He said he would return soon, as he had to drive his ambulance to a sheltered spot where it could not be seen. I did so, and the minutes were long, until he finally returned and took me by the hand and guided me down some old stone steps under a ruined building and opened a door into one of the deep cellars. Here we saw the results of the war in all its horrors. In the dim candle light we beheld an army surgeon working desperately to revive a victim of the dreaded mustard gas, while a Red Cross nurse moved noiselessly from cot to cot, administering to wounded. I was busy very soon and believe that my services were worth something to my fellow men during that horrible night. I am hoping that there will never be another war, for the ghastly wounds which I saw are the best arguments against such methods of settling differences between men and nations. The unconquerable spirit of these brave American lads, many of whom now lie in French graves, kept us, tired as we were from lack of food and sleep, striving to our utmost. Many a man has said as I bent over him, "Doctor, go help that fellow over there, he is worse than I am." Perhaps an hour later that same man would be hitting the trail West. Certainly such devotion as was shown by these boys has been worth a thousand sermons and I have often whispered to myself, what is greater than that a man should lay

down his life for his fellow man? We never knew as we trod the quiet streets of our home cities that we were passing such heroes, nor do we now think of the many other such heroes who now lie in the cold, damp clay of Northern France. My work became lighter as the number of wounded became less, and when our boys approached Metz and finally dug themselves in for protection against high explosives and shrapnel from the great German forts about the city, I was relieved and returned to my unit which was stationed just outside of Toul.

(To be Continued.)

COL. WOOD'S LETTER

(Continued from Page 3.)

It will be interesting and gratifying to you to know that 80 per cent of the men coming out of the army and the navy go straight from the camps and places of discharge to their homes. This leaves only 20 per cent to linger around centers of demobilization and in the larger cities. And by no means does this entire 20 per cent resort to the use of the uniform for improper purposes. The number in this class is small, but what we feel can be done with your help is to wipe it absolutely out of business.

The chief of police of New Haven, Conn., during the past month, took the bit in his own teeth and in twenty-four hours cleared the town of all soldier, sailor and marine panhandlers. The police of New Haven control all peddling licenses, and the chief laid down the rule that he would issue peddling licenses to every discharged soldier, sailor and marine who applied, but to none in uniform. Then he sent somebody around to the agencies which had been utilizing discharged men to panhandle and peddle for them, and pointed out the provisions of the Federal law applying to the improper use of the uniform. This happened in the course of one morning. That night there wasn't a discharged service panhandler in New Haven. For several weeks before this they had been a pest.

If you do not control the issuance of peddling licenses in your city, would it be asking you too much to bring this to the attention of the official who does?

One more thing upon which I should like to have your cooperation is this: Will you not instruct your force, particularly the men around the railroad stations and the larger public centers, to familiarize themselves with the location of the United States Employment Service Bureau or Bureaus, for Returning Soldiers and Sailors, so that if a discharged man comes to their attention they can put him directly in touch with these agencies? There seems to have been some difficulty about getting this information down to the men, not in your city, but generally and I mention it to you simply as my part in doing all I can as the Assistant to the Secretary of War to help out the labor service.

I shall be most pleased if you will let me know just what the panhandling game has developed in your community, if it has developed there, and what you are doing in dealing with it. If you have any suggestions which could be applied to the problem generally or nationally, do not hesitate to write them.

Very truly yours,

ARTHUR WOODS,

Assistant to the Secretary of War.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both." Buy U. S. S.

Du Bon Bon!

Oh you sweet tooth!

Uncle Sam certainly has a bunch of fellows in his army who like sweet things to eat. This is strikingly shown by a statement of the Director of Purchase and Storage. Even since the signing of the armistice and the consequent reduction in army personnel there has been an increase in the amount of confections purchased for the army and shipped to France. Here are some of the sweet things that have been purchased for shipment to the American expeditionary forces from November 11, 1918, to April 11, 1919:

39,094,375 pounds of candy.

5,350,000 packages of salted almonds and peanuts.

2,625,000 packages of pop corn confectionery.

An officer of a statistical turn of mind has painted for us a word picture of what these forty odd million pounds of candy would look like if presented for inspection. It would fill a truck train eight miles long; it would fill 85 box cars; the cases in which the candy is packed if stacked flat would reach 15 miles and if on end 20 miles; they would make 117 large stacks, each one higher than the Woolworth building in New York, and if the candy were packed in ordinary one-pound cans, end to end, they would reach a distance of 178 miles, or a little journey from Washington to Atlantic City.

In February 5,335,696 pounds of candy were shipped to our soldiers overseas, including not only candy and confections for sale in the commissaries, but the amount authorized by the ration allowance. The candy ration for overseas soldiers is one half a pound per man every ten days or one and a half pounds per month. In November alone three million pounds were used by our troops through the ration.

EMPLOYMENT FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS WHO ARE PHARMACISTS

The Advisory Committee of the American Pharmaceutical Association for Soldier and Sailor Pharmacists, 1005 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, is equipped to find positions for men in any part of the country and to furnish them opportunities for employment, for establishment in the drug business, or for education in pharmacy.

Commanding officers will make known this information to those men about to leave the service who are pharmacists or are interested in the drug business and inform them that for further information they may address that committee.

COMMUNICATION

Pawtucket, R. I.

April 28, 1919.

Business Manager of the Reclaimer, U. S. A. General Hospital No. 34, East Norfolk, Mass.

Dear Sir:—After reading the Reclaimer, I find a page for lost soldiers, and I would like to have you print my husband's picture in your column in hopes that some other soldier may see it and in this way we could possibly find a clue to his whereabouts. He is Private Joseph W. Hampshire, Co. A, 310 Inf., 78th Div. Nothing has been heard of him since October 18, 1918. He left Camp Dix, May 17, 1918.

Please return picture and accept thanks for kindness and find enclosed stamp for return.

Mrs. J. W. Hampshire,

75 Lonsdale Ave.,

Pawtucket, R. I.

D. S. C.'s Awarded To The Heroes

Awards of the distinguished service cross to officers and men for extraordinary heroism in action overseas, just announced in War Department orders, include a number of officers and men of the medical corps.

First Lieutenant Thomas Edward Jones went into an open area near Binarville, France, September 27, which was subjected to direct machine-gun fire, to care for a wounded soldier who was being carried by another officer. While dressing the wounded runner, a machine-gun bullet passed between the arms and chest of Lieutenant Jones, and a man was killed within a few yards of him.

During the offensive operations of October 3 to 9 near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, France, First Lieutenant Ralph E. Swarts worked unceasingly in the most advanced stations in the divisional sector, dressing the wounded in the open under terrific machine-gun and shell fire. He took cover only when all wounded had been dressed and evacuated.

Although suffering acutely from the effects of mustard gas, Private (first class) Russell L. DuBois refused to be evacuated because of the great need of medical attention among his comrades. For three days he remained at his post near Villesavoye, France, in August, 1918, and only went to the rear when ordered to do so by his C. O.

Near Binarville, France, October 2 and 5, 1918, Private (first class) Jack D. Gehris, under a heavy enemy barrage went to the rescue of two severely wounded men and carried them to a place offering scant shelter, where they remained until aid arrived the next morning. On October 5 when a shell struck his first aid station, killing two and wounding five others, Gehris, although wounded, administered first aid to his comrades before receiving medical attention himself.

Private George J. Fries is cited for heroism in action near Cunel, France, October 11, 1918. For two days and nights he worked incessantly as the only first-aid man with two companies in the front line. On several occasions he went out in front of the lines under heavy enemy fire to aid wounded men and to help bring them back to the American line, his pack and equipment being badly torn by pieces of shrapnel.

Sergeant Lewis E. Whitehead, then corporal, after giving first aid to his platoon leader who had been wounded, took command of the platoon and led it in an attack in the face of concentrated enemy artillery and machine-gun fire, reaching the objective and effectively protecting the exposed flank of the assaulting battalion with his two guns. This occurred near St. Juvin, France, October 16, last.

In the face of heavy shell and machine-gun fire and continuous gas attacks near Grand Pre, France, October 16 to 20, 1918, Corporal James J. Donovan established and maintained during these four days a dressing station in a most advanced position. When an enemy attack seemed imminent, he refused to retire to safety but remained at his post, being relieved after his comrades advanced.

Private (first class) Patrick Canavan gave aid to the wounded under severe shell and machine-gun fire and was wounded twice before he left the field of action near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, France, October 3 to 9 last. He refused the aid of stretcher bearers and walked alone to the ambulance station.

Private (first class) Chauncey J. Griswald, volunteered to leave his battalion, which was in support,

and went forward to the front line, where he established a dressing station. He remained with this advance station during the entire time it was in the line and gave first aid to the wounded under constant shell fire and through frequent gas attacks. The scene of this action was near Grand Pre, France, October 16 last.

Throughout an engagement near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, France, October 3 to 9, Private (first class) William M. Menge tended the wounded under shell fire and machine-gun fire, continuing with his work after two of his assistants had been killed and wounded.

Private Fred E. Billman displayed conspicuous bravery by administering first aid to wounded soldiers in areas swept by shell and machine-gun fire in action at Sergy, France, July 29 and 30, 1918.

During a heavy bombardment of the American front lines near Jaulny, France, October 3, 1918, Private Nicholas Mauzi went 50 yards in advance of the position of his detachment to an automatic rifle post to dress the wounds of three of the crew. He then assisted the wounded men, one by one, to reach a place of safety. All this time the line was under steady machine-gun fire as well as bombardment.

Private Linus H. Menter, during the day and night of October 6, 1918, near St. Etienne-a-Arnes, constantly exposed himself under heavy fire, giving first aid to the wounded and assisting in their evacuation.

The enlisted men were attached to Medical Detachments of various Infantry organizations.

Around The Hospital

This last week or two surely has wrought some great changes in our little camp in the woods, for some of those who are to seek their living there.

To the great regret of some of those who are concerned, some of the officers have been moved over to the Oval for quarters and arrived there have had an arduous institution thrust upon them—that O. D. stuff. For some of the officers this was a rather disagreeable novelty since they were forced to break their beauty sleep all up into fragments, at least one night a week, and ruin their disposition the next day with grouchy. If you think that this is an easy or an agreeable stunt, you ought to try climbing that water tower, some time between taps and midnight and again some time between midnight and reveille. Again, you are to walk along through the woods in complete darkness and sometimes in the rain besides, and suddenly you come upon the piggery and are lifted several feet off the ground by a sudden vociferation from one of the old sows that you did not see. After all this it is only about twenty miles from the Oval to the Farm-building and back again in the dark. If the officer lives through all this, he ought to be qualified for the flying corps and then some. When the O. D. work is over, we shall be right glad to write it a good epitaph.

By the way, the officer's party last week was the finest thing that has ever taken place on the post and nearly everybody had a mighty good time. Many thanks are due to all those who contributed to its success. The decorations were very pretty and the music was good. We had new china and glass ware for the refreshments and they were very good too. It was a great pleasure to have some outsiders with us as guests, and we welcome them and thank them for their company.

The Fifth Victory Loan

War Department, Office of the Surgeon General, Washington.

April 22, 1919.

To All in the Office of the Surgeon General:—As director of the Medical Department of the Army, I wish to ask every officer and enlisted man on duty in this office and every civilian employee to do his utmost to exceed in the Fifth Victory Loan, the total subscribed to any previous loan by the Medical Department of the Army. The personnel of the Medical Department has in no sense been laggard and in each loan has "gone over the top" with splendid enthusiasm and has each time set a new high total of subscriptions. This may be the last Liberty Loan, so let us get behind it with every bit of effort and enthusiasm in us, that it may gain irresistible momentum and set a mark that will rank high among those of other departments of the government.

There is little reason to explain to those who have been so close to governmental activities the reasons for the Fifth Victory Liberty Loan. The men of the army are still overseas and we must bring them back. If money is all that is needed, they will come rushing back on a tidal wave of dollars.

This country told 2,000,000 of them to go. Without question they went and won. Now they say, "Where do we go from here?" Your bond gives them the answer, "Home." It's an honor debt. Make good your promise to these boys. You said "Go over and win, we'll get you back when the job is done." Now make good.

To any who feel that the war is over and sentiment and patriotism are things of the past, the Fifth Victory Loan bonds pay four and three quarters per cent interest and as a commercial proposition are unequalled.

What department of the S. G. O. will get 100 per cent subscriptions first and how many can we have before the loan is over?

Let's put this loan over.

(Signed) M. W. IRELAND,
Surgeon General of the Army.

THIS HOSPITAL TO CLOSE! EXTRA!

Like Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield," we are living in constant expectation that we shall soon be able to announce that something is about to turn up. When it does we shall announce it, and until then, you can just tell that rumor-spreader who gets us all het up by spreading some report about the hospital closing, that you got it just as straight as he did, that he is crazy. It has been announced that the hospital will close November 1, 1919. Somebody else said that we would be here for the next two years. Then we heard that we could expect to go about the first of July and now we hear that we cannot be at all certain of that either. Well, that's life in the army at East Norfolk.

All you fellows had just as well settle down for a while and train that forgotten ability of yours to stick around. Just remember the virtue of the postage stamp and go thou and do likewise. When you get out of here you can just paint the world red and you can take lots of time here to save up the necessary pep.

AT MESS

Moon, crossly — I ain't goin' to shine tonight.
Sun, sleepily — Why, Alphonse?

Moon — That fresh comet hit me in the eye a'n I'm seein' stars.

Mrs. O'Flaherty On Sane Spending

(By Anita Day Downing)

(Third of Series)

"You'll not be closing for an hour or so?" asked Mrs. Hogan of Mrs. O'Flaherty one Sunday morning about 9 o'clock.

"At noon prompt," answered that lady, complacently, patting the stiffly starched frill that framed her good natured rosy face like the rays of an almanac sun. "Sunday afternoon is my own, and I make the most of it. But why are you concerned about my shutting up shop?"

"I want to be out of the house," explained Mrs. Hogan, "till Mike Hogan is fit to stay in with. It's just now he's been having his breakfast, and not a living thing would he be eating but two cups of black coffee, and the expression of his face as sour as yesterday's cream after a thunderstorm."

"It's right you are," agreed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "to leave him alone till he's feeling like a human. But it looks to me you're kind of pale and wobbly yourself. Did you go to the lodge meeting with Mike last night?"

"Quit your kidding," growled Mrs. Hogan. "Mike Hogan and I were doing a bit of high life. It all come of Mike making two nights overtime, and it's our wedding anniversary. We thought we'd be fashionable for once."

"What did your headache cost you?" asked Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Not a penny less than twenty-five dollars," groaned Mrs. Hogan, "and me needing a new coat and Jimmy a pair of shoes that I've been puting off buying."

"And what did you do?" inquired her mentor, implacably.

"First we went to dinner at a cabaret," recounted Mrs. Hogan.

"Was it a good dinner?" asked Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"It was not," said Mrs. Hogan. "There was nothing to eat but about a million plates with nothing much on them, and that cold."

"After Mike had got over the blind staggers when he looked at what they charged us for two slivers of meat and a cup of coffee, he came to and we went to the theatre. That wasn't so bad."

"Well," reckoned Mrs. O'Flaherty, "the dinner and the tickets stood you about fifteen dollars I suppose. And then what did your do?"

"We should have gone home, but Mike was that hungry he was like a bear, and I was a bit peckish myself. We looked around for a place that was open, and went into a quiet looking joint, but swell. Mike was too hungry to look for a cheap place and besides he was trying to pretend he was a real spender. Well, we did get some steak and potatoes that was fit to eat, but it cost a lot."

"Then the last car had come out here," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, "and you had to have a taxi-cab."

"It cost four dollars," wailed Mrs. Hogan.

"And now," went on Mrs. O'Flaherty, "all you've got to show for staying up half the night and spending a week's pay, is a headache and a grouchy husband."

"'Tis true speaking you are, Mrs. O'Flaherty," mournfully agreed Mrs. Hogan. "And Jimmy without new shoes till next payday, and me wearing my old coat for shame."

"Listen," lectured Mrs. O'Flaherty, "if people would only be figuring to get their money's worth,

instead of thinking the only things worth having are those that cost a lot of money, everybody'd be better off. If you really need something, or want it bad enough whether you need it or not, it doesn't matter at all what you pay for it, in money or time, so long as you get your money's worth.

"It's buying something you don't particularly want or need, because it's expensive, or because everybody else is showing off just that way, that makes me sick."

"You could have had a day in the open air with the whole family, or that fireless cooker you've been wanting, or that new set of dishes you was talking about, and do you be realizing that you wasted five War Savings Stamps and the interest on them?"

"Say," said Mrs. Hogan, "don't you think I know all that? Not a wink did I sleep last night, with the coffee I drank, and eating a square meal at midnight. I was keeping that to tell you."

"Go on," said Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Every bit of overtime that Mike Hogan brings home from now on I'll be putting into War Savings Stamps. In five years, when it's time to cash in, we'll have decided what we really want to buy with the money, and there'll be enough to make a real noise."

"Buy a thrift stamp now to remind you," said Mrs. O'Flaherty good naturedly. "It'll last longer than your headache or Mike's grouch, and it costs twenty-five cents instead of twenty-five dollars."

"I will that," said Mrs. Hogan, "and give me another for Mike."

Mother

Jest a sittin' by th' fireplace,
In th' the warm light's cheery glow,
En a watchin' dreams en visions
In th' firelight, come en go.

Oh, th' joy th' dreams kin bring ye!
Oh th' hopes we dare not name!
As we sit thru magic hours
Seeing pictures etched in flame.

When I'm feelin' sorter weary,
Sorter pine fer sympathy,
Then I see my truest friend
A-lookin' frum th' flames at me.

Eyes so tender like and lovin',
With a message pure an clear,
Send my worries all a hummin'
En plumb fill me up with cheer.

Face thet's kinder lined with wrinkles
Caused by worries not her own;
'Cause th' cares thet tumble on me
Air never born by me alone.

Hair thet's jest a leetle silver.
Shows th' sterling o' th' heart
Thet hez been my guidin' Angel
Since my life fust made its start.

Lips that sorter smile approvin'
When I'm sailin' right along;
En thet droop in grief en sorrer
When I go a leetle wrong.

It's th' face o' one I'm lovin'
Like I'm lovin' nary other;
'Cause I'm lookin' 'en I'm dreamin',
En I'm longin' fer — my Mother.
From "Fragments of Verse."—Lt. C. E. G.

Hospitality For You In New York City

Are you going to visit the "big town?"

When you finally decide to take that long anticipated trip to New York don't forget that the New York War Camp Community Service has elaborate arrangements completed for your entertainment. Whether you wear bars on your shoulder, stripes on your sleeve, or neither, the W. C. S. will assure you a pleasant stay.

The following clubs are available for the use of officers: Aero Club of America, 297 Madison avenue, for officers of the air service. Meals served if desired. Allied Officers' Club, 14 E. 30th street. Meals and lodging supplied to non-resident officers. American Flying Club, 17 E. 38th street, for officers of the air service. Rooms and board at moderate rate. Brooklyn Officers' House, 121 Joralemon street. Quarters and meals furnished at moderate prices. Central Park Officers' House, 12 E. 67th street. Rooms and board may be secured. Junior Officers' Hospitality House, 344 Lexington avenue. Officers may room and dine. Junior Officers' House, 2 W. 53d street. Lodging and meals supplied at a moderate fee. Officers' House, 3d and Hudson streets, Hoboken, N. J. Officers with wives will find these quarters very attractive. Officers' House, 121 E. 21st street. Never closed and meals may be had at all hours. Officers' House, 152 Riverside Drive, Lodging and breakfast may be had here.

Special programs are given at the Pershing Club for officers, with dancing every evening from 8.30 o'clock until 11.30 o'clock with occasional cabaret. Mail may be directed in care of this club if a visit is contemplated.

Various other bureaus have been established for the use of officers while in New York, including, convalescent bureau, entertainment bureau, shopping bureau and many others of vast value as time savers and for convenience.

Enlisted men are cared for at 55 West 27th street by W. C. C. S. unit No. 5.

When you arrive in New York make the War Camp Community Service quarters your first stop, whatever you wish they can be of assistance.

COMMUNICATION

Wrentham, Mass., April 23, 1919.

General Hospital, No. 34.

Gentlemen:—The undersigned desire to express their thanks and appreciation for the timely efforts of the soldiers from the hospital at the fire on their property on Saturday, April 19th.

WEBER BROTHERS.

Received at U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 34, April 24, 1919.

TRAINED MEDICAL MEN WANTED

Owing to the urgent demand for specially qualified medical officers, the Surgeon General desires that all medical officers returning from overseas on the staff of base and evacuation hospitals and of divisions who have had special training in general surgery, orthopaedics, ophthalmology, otolaryngology, internal medicine, or neuro-psychiatry be retained in the service. Officers who are willing to remain in the service during the continuance of the emergency will be reported by telegraph to the Surgeon General and not discharged except by his authority. Officers who have been returned from overseas for the purpose of discharge on account of urgent personal or other reasons will not be reported.



We have just finished reading this month's Vogue and we have come to the conclusion that it might be a good idea to run a Fashion section in this sheet. Here goes. Some very snappy ideas for spring garments to be worn on this post are described below. A simple white dress surmounted by a cape of heavy blue material, lined with crimson, is considered very smart this Spring. A white cap is worn with this outfit. Another very chic dress is made of blue and white striped material. An apron and cap of white material worn with this dress makes a combination which is very pleasing to the eye.

For the men.

A brown suit of canvas or heavy material will be worn this year. Heavy walking shoes and puttees of brown canvas goes to make up an outfit which will be very popular with the younger set this Spring. The clothes worn by the older men differ only in the material which is of finer stuff. Puttees or boots of dark brown leather are worn instead of canvas. Silver or gold shoulder adornments are worn with these clothes. Spurs are also being worn.

There was the sound of merry making by night (when we say night that hardly expresses it, but we will let it go at that). Well, anyway, there was the sound of merry-making and it issued forth from the Administration Building at the Oval. The wail of the violin, the howl of the trombone, and the booming of the bass drum, but, believe me, that wasn't all that issued forth in the way of sound. It certainly must have been some dance if one is to judge by outward signs. We surely will have to hand the officers on this Post the brown derby when it comes to dances and the girls will receive a similar reward for their decorative ability.

Speaking of dances, the enlisted men were furnished a treat on Tuesday, April 28th, when the girls from Franklin paid us a visit. There were plenty of girls and they sure could trip the light fantastic — and, oh boy, the eats! The dance was given under the supervision of Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Haywood. We certainly feel grateful to these people for the regular time they furnished us. Then Colonel and Mrs. Smith acted as chaperones.

We would like to tell you about the couple who won the prize waltz, but the male portion of the couple threatened to beat the writer's can in if he mentioned it. We will say this much. The soldier was a private and he works at the garage and the girl was the shortest Reconstruction Aide on the Post. Outside of this general information, we are absolutely silent.

Doesn't it seem great, fellows, to get another shot in the arm? Dad blame it, we were beginning to forget the joys of training camp, but old man Diphtheria came to assist our memories. It sure seems like old times.

The boys of the Jewish faith who were given the opportunity of being home for the Jewish holidays take this means of expressing their thanks to the Commanding Officer of this Post for his kindness in granting these furloughs.

Now that we have started a fashion department in this paper, we feel that we might just as well go ahead and finish the job in style, so we will in the future have a section devoted to answering questions of the lovelorn. We have employed a high priced writer to take care of that particular column, so we hope you will take advantage of the opportunity of having your questions d'amour settled under expert supervision. We guarantee answers, satisfactory answers in fact, to all interrogations. This column, we hope, will make Bertha M. Clay look like a has-been.

Has anyone seen the two feminine equestrians on this Post? Gosh, I can't help it! I've got to say that this place is getting to be class in the superlative degree. Miss Cady and Miss Coughlin come up to Vogue's specifications of how a girl should look while riding.

Again our impregnable sluggers and ball tossers went down to defeat, this time at the hands of the Walpole team. It certainly was a slaughter, but again the organized cheering section under the leadership of the Art Editor, Sgt. Burchit, made a hit with their vociferous cheering.

Axel Lindman, one of our patients, has been discharged and sent to his home at Anoka, Minnesota. Much as we are glad to have him get his discharge we regret to have him leave us. We think that he will be well taken care of when he arrives at Anoka. Cherchez-la-femme.

Lieutenant Raymond Blakney, our Chaplain and the guiding star of this sheet, has returned from a brief sojourn to our Nation's capitol. In view of the fact that the President has been away for some time and that the Victory Loan campaign is now on, we think that this visit has some peculiar significance.

Were you at the Y. D. parade? We were, and as a result came as near to being icebergs as is possible. The parade was worth it though, for we learned something. We didn't know that there were that many automobiles in the state.

We pause to think what our welcome will be when we arrive home after participating in the bloody battles of Camp Greenleaf and East Norfolk.

Miss Alva Tomlinson, A. N. C., has again come into our midst after decorating Hospital Number 10 for about two weeks. Tonsillitis is a terrible disease, but for a woman — !!!!! Horrible!

Yep, this is a regular office now — telephone and everything. Burchit says, however, that there is no use in calling up for dates this week, because his engagement book is filled. He will be free next week, though, so get an early start, girls.

At this writing comes the sad news that our peerless barber, Corporal Gallagher, is about to sever his connections with this Post. That certainly is tough on his customers, because Jack has a way of talking his victim into a sound sleep with that soothing tone he employs and consequently the operation is absolutely painless — even the extracting of the two-bit piece, and that is saying a good deal in the Army.

Benjamin Franklin said: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." A careless spender gets no W. S. S.

Passing The Buck

"Globe and Anchor"

The Colonel tells the Major
When he wants something done,
And the Major tells the Captain,
And gets him on the run.

And the Captain thinks it over,
And to be sure to follow suit,
Passes the buck and baggage
To some shave-tail Second Lieut.

The said Lieutenant ponders,
And strokes his downy jaw,
And calls his trusty Sergeant
And to him lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls the Corporal
To see what he can see,
And the Corporal gets a Private,
And the poor darned Private's me.
— Under the Dome.

Spring Fever

Apologies to Walt Mason

When the spring zephyrs begin to zeph, a sensation goes over your being. It's hard to express, but I think you can guess — fact you can't help but seeing. You want to go out and roam in the woods — Oh, the wild joy that May flowers bring you. You want to look in the face of a brook, tho you know there are skeeters to sting you. You want to eat food that is infested with ants; drink water with animals in it. You want to sing and you want to dance like a boy with a top wants to spin it. You know when you lie on the damp, dirty ground you'll see the day you'll regret it. You know it is damp, but you're determined to camp, aren't you? I'm willing to bet it. You want to go down to the beach for a swim, tho you know you'll catch cold if you do it. But that doesn't matter! A swim in salt water you'll have tho the next day you rue it. You want to play baseball, tennis and golf; to do it work like a beaver. What causes, you say, for this desire to play — let me introduce you to Mr. Spring Fever.

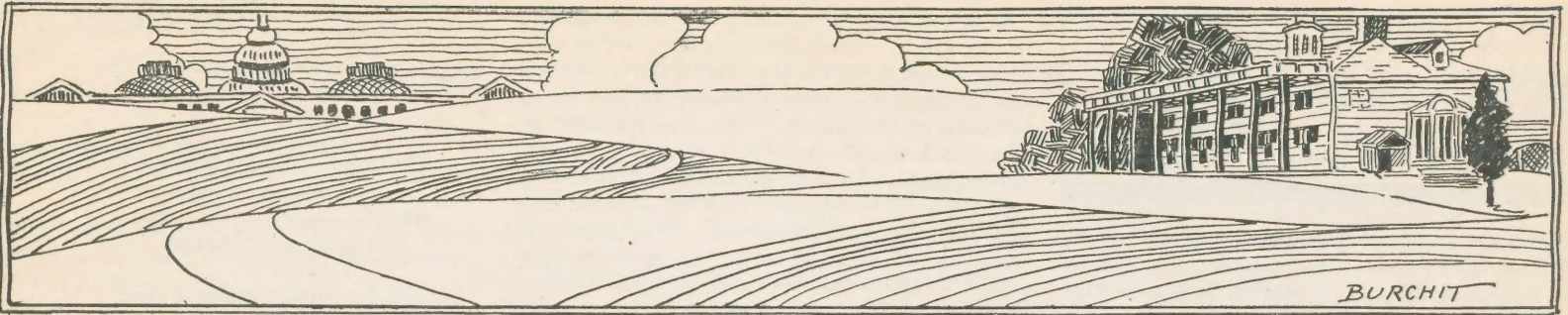
SMELLS

There are smells that make you hungry —
There are smells that makes you blue —
There are smells that set your nose to twitching,
Bringing back old memories to you —
There are smells that make a fellow scrappy —
There are smells that fill you full of jazz;
But the smell that smells the most distressing
Is the smell that an old egg has.

"Isn't Jack just wonderful?" she said. "He's already been promoted to field marshal."
"From private to field marshal in two months? Impossible!" said the brother.

"Did I say field marshal?" murmured the young wife. "Well, perhaps it's court-martial. I know it's one or the other."

What say we about Tonsillitis?—Hence loathed melancholy.



EDITORIAL

A sensitive conscience is the most sensitive detector for the small and great bits of criticism and gossip that float around. All those that have your personal reference on them get back to you before they have had much of a chance to lose the tang that could irritate you.

Life is very much of a warfare that one has to fight with the various downward tendencies that he meets in every walk of life. And now that life has become so proverbially strenuous we find it necessary that we should develop a sort of strong armor that we may be protected from the causal shots that are aimed at us. In these days of fighting, the so-called tank has become very useful because it can freely go into the zones of fire and is not very sensitive to the shells that burst near it nor to the bullets that hit it. So it is with the battleship but, no ship has been devised yet which can stand the shock of the torpedo and therefore unless the ship happens to dodge the said infernal machine, she is in a bad way. Many a man too has been torpedoed by the thoughtless and perhaps by the intentional remark which has dropped casually from the lips of some one of his associates.

Now there is just one thing in particular that we should all remember about this thing: That whenever we boil over and torpedo someone around us we inevitably produce a greater or lesser shock in their systems and reduce their working and living efficiency. A man who has got to keep clear of another person and worry about what that person is going to say can never be as useful or as agreeable to live with as if he were to go on doing his best as he sees it.

It is somewhat hard to analyse the feelings and the thoughts of one who is able to administer an harangue to another. From the stern days when the apes counted it but right that they should chew up another of their own kind for poaching on private hunting grounds, down through the days when one man shoots another for an offense which he has presumably committed, and all this with a feeling of satisfaction as when one has done a great service to the world, the feeling must have been approximately the same. Yet capital punishment has never mitigated crime in the least nor has punishment for revengeful reasons ever done anything towards making the offender take the right attitude towards the wrong in question.

It appears that the solution for every wrong that is committed must be found in measures that take full account of the motives which promoted the wrong and not so much account of the particular results of the wrong itself. If one man kills another, the deed is done and nothing is gained by killing him too. If someone does not do your will as you think it ought to be done, the only way you can ever make him right is by reasoning the things out with him and by making him see why you wanted it done that way. It seems clear that this must be true for all cases of normal men and women. For those who are not normal, special measures must be taken.

The next time you get really mad and want to punish or humiliate someone, just take your time and go slowly about it. You may accomplish more in the end.

THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34, by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

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Commanding Officer.....Lieut.-Col. William H. Smith, M.C.U.S.A.
Post Adjutant.....Capt. Robert E. Baldwin, M.C.U.S.A.

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Lt. R. B. Blakney.....Editor-in-Chief
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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THE SPIRIT LIVES

Easter tide, bright in the glory of nature's resurrection, has passed, but its message remains.

The spring flowers heaped upon the altars of our faith and filling all our sanctuaries with their fragrance and the spell of their tender beauty have faded with the dimming echoes of our triumph songs, but from the inspiration of their passing we feel anew the thrill of that grand assurance "The Spirit Endures."

It is reestablished in our hearts that "the vigor of the great truth never dies." Such is the strength of those sterling elements of courage, faith and loyalty. Such is the immortality of a noble patriotism. Such is the spirit of a nation founded on the worthy principles of justice, freedom and truth.

The patriotism of America is not a flame which flared in olden days and which threatens to smoulder out at the new call for service. The spirit of our heroes cannot be conquered by time. The zeal of Columbia's freemen belongs to no single epoch of their might.

Our deepest emotion is stirred by the shibboleths which thrilled our sires in other years —

"Give me Liberty or give me death."

"Don't give up the ship."

"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

"My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"My country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country."

The spirit of these ringing words lives today. They were uttered for causes that we honor as our lives. The feelings they call up in us are kindred to the thrills we knew when "Old Glory" was carried past by the sons of Democracy on their way to Chateau Thierry, the Marne and the Argonne, they are the natural forerunners of that immortal sentence, "Lafayette, we are here."

Now comes the Victory Loan, as the natural outcome of the billions of wealth and millions of men pledged and gave when autocracy threatened to cast its black shadow over all the earth. We are asked to lend for the cause of our new heroes, as noble patriots as ever have for the cause of freedom and right.

We are asked to prove, by our response to the loan, that the spirit of American loyalty lives as an enduring flame, and we promise, with all the ardor of our Easter vows of reconsecration, that the cause for which our heroes of every stress hour have suffered shall not perish for want of our support.

"GRAFT" IN THE Y. M. C. A.

"They're grafters, that's what they are — these 'Y' guys. Talk about trimmin' the fellows — 95 cents for a package of cigarettes that you'd get at the — for 20 cents. That's right. Plain gouge."

The Private was sure sore on the "Y."

"Certain it was 95 cents?" asked the "Y" man.

"That's what I thought you fellows would say, so I just brought it along. Here's a package that's got the price written on it. See? 95 cents. Just as plain as your nose, ain't it?"

"How many French centimes in an American cent, do you know?" asked the "Y" man.

"Oh, that French money? How do I know? What's that got to do with this thing?"

"A good deal, Buddie," said the "Y" man, and asked, "What does that say?"

"95 cents. Think I can't read?"

"Look again," said the "Y" man. "Where's the 's' after 'cent.' You don't see it, do you?"

"Well, what's the idea?" asked the Private.

"Just this, old fellow. You paid 95 centimes in French money for that package of cigarettes. There's 5 centimes in an American cent. In other words, the 'Y' charged you 19 cents for that package for which you say the other place charged 20 cents. Now, just where's the graft?"

And can you blame our American boys for mixing up the French centimes with the good old American cents?

"THE APPEAL OF VICTORY FOR THRIFT"

The first of the new Government posters designed to encourage thrift in the United States is being distributed by the Savings Division of the Treasury Department. The poster is the work of the noted artist, Haskell Coffin, whose war posters figured in many of the Government war drives.

The painting represents a winged Victory, with lowered sword, bearing in her up-raised hand a branch of palm. The painting is an artist's protest against the ugliness and horror of war, and represents his conception of the beauty and tenderness of peace. The picture bears the legend: "Share in the victory, save for your Country, save for yourself. Buy War Savings Stamps."

"It was my desire," said Mr. Coffin, "to draw a Victory with sweetness and tenderness, emerging triumphant from conflict in a noble cause. I sought to make a lyric painting, to be used in some constructive movement. I did not want to do a vain

ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM ESTABLISHED NEW DEPARTMENT

As a result of the world war the Army Medical Museum in Washington has taken on a new life. This historic building, located in the Mall, is the repository of the most complete and interesting collection of literature, models and specimens of all types of diseases, wounds and injuries to which an army has been subjected, together with types of implements of warfare by which these injuries are produced, and specimens of medicines, surgery and sanitation by which they are cured or prevented. The collection has been and is being added to by the addition of new specimens monthly from overseas and camps in this country.

The Surgeon General of the Army has made special efforts to secure this medical material of the war and to place it at the disposal of the scientific men of the present day to the end that medicine may be advanced by the study of such large groups on a modern basis.

To properly illustrate medical military matters there has been established at the Museum an instruction laboratory for the production of moving pictures, animated diagrammatic drawings, still photography, lantern slides, photostat copies, black and white and color drawings, etc. An interesting series of these films are the animated diagrams showing operative procedure, battle procedures, etc. These films will be available for the medical schools in teaching medical military medicine when the war shall have passed, and will also serve as historical data. Two of these films are of special interest. One shows the pathway of the nerve impulses in nystagmus and why it is that the one movement is slow and the other rapid. This is graphically shown by a man throwing a baseball and another man jumping, one movement being very rapid and the other slow, showing the movement of the muscles in every detail. Another film depicts an operation very graphically, the moving diagram ever changing and making a perfectly clear outline of every detail. During the war films were exhibited over a circuit comprising about 450 camps, cantonments, colleges, etc., more than 300,000 feet of film being shown in one week. The laboratory has coordinated with other bureaus of the War Department, the Liberty Loan campaigns and the Red Cross is providing photographs and films for their activities.

In the art department of the Museum first class work is being done by men who have been thoroughly trained in this line in civil life before they entered the army. One of the rules is that no man will be accepted as an artist unless he has supported himself for at least four years in civil life by his art alone. There are also two high class wax modelers connected with the museum, one detailed abroad and the other in this country, producing work of a high order. It is also intended to use high class sculptors for the work of facial reconstruction of men who have suffered injury in the head and face.

The Museum is open daily to the public where many of these interesting specimens growing out of the war may be seen.

and glorious Victory, rejoicing in death and horror. I am delighted that this picture is to be used by the Government to further thrift."

There is also a story back of the palm of peace. Mr. Coffin went to a florist's shop to purchase this palm, but when the florist learned to what use it was to be put, he refused to accept any money for the branch, saying that he gladly contributed it to so important a cause.

Of Interest to The Army Folks

Restoration of the use of hands of soldiers injured by shells, bullets or other missiles is being accomplished at army hospitals by a unique method devised by Major H. R. Allen, Medical Corps. It is an instantaneous process of reshaping tool handles so that they may be used by deformed or crippled hands. The system is described in a pamphlet just issued by Major R. W. Shufeldt, Medical Corps. It is the most recent of the ingenious inventions of Major Allen, which have included various appliances for the treatment of fractures, dislocations and deformities. The application of the newest invention is far-reaching, making for very prompt improvement in the use of crippled or deformed hands.

Many of the experiments conducted by Major Allen in the development of this system were made at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, where moving pictures were taken of the soldiers on whom experiments were tried. Six enlisted men who had received wounds in the left hand were the objects of the first test. Their wounded hands were entirely healed, but their grasp remained so weak that the hand was practically useless.

Major Allen's method is based on the principle that to gain the use of a crippled hand the member must be systematically used, exercised and constantly flexed and extended. This gives strength to the fingers and palm and compels the muscles and tendons to function. To exercise the wounded hand a gelatine mould of the clasped hand is prepared, the hand is closed upon it, and this mould may be carried about in the hand without inconvenience or undue notice. By constantly squeezing and releasing the mould, the hand receives the kind of exercise required to restore its use, and wounded hands rapidly regain their faculties under this treatment.

To enable the soldier to use the injured hand, a rough model of the hand may be cast on plastic gelatine or modeling composition as used by dentists in plate work, which model may be carried by the patient and used in grasping any object desired. Another way is to shape the form of the hand in a like plastic mould over the surface of tools or other articles whose use is desired. These models are made to fit the hand and, being soft and pliable, may be used with comfort by the soldier having a wounded hand. A mould of the hand may be made to fit over any article, such as a knife and fork, to enable the soldier to use the injured member in eating, or on a hammer or other tool. The composition of the mould is of such a character that it can be remade into any form desired. It becomes soft and plastic when placed in hot water, but will not melt or run. When softened and a mould made it can be retained by plunging the substance in cold water, the mould becoming hard and brittle as some forms of amorphous rock or more like terra cotta or some kinds of glass. This process of reshaping the mould may be gone over any number of times without loss or deterioration of the substance.

For instance, to reinforce a hammer and prepare it for use by a wounded hand, the desired quantity of gelatine or moulding composition is made into a mould and dipped in hot water. By squeezing and modeling it becomes plastic and fitted around the handle of the tool where the user will grasp it. The wounded hand seizes this mass of soft compound and presses the palm and fingers into it

until they are comfortably closed and the maximum grasping capacity brought into play. The moulded handle is then dipped in cold water, which sets the mould. The patient then discovers that he can readily pick up a nail with his sound hand and drive it with the one in which he holds the reinforced tool. As the hand improves and the grasp becomes closer and stronger the form of the moulded handle can be altered by the patient by dipping it in hot water and without detaching it from the tool handle, squeeze it with the wounded hand until a well fitting, comfortable handle is moulded, and then fit it by immersion in cold water. In the same way a model of a hand may be made for a soldier who has lost that member and fitted to hold any tool or instrument. The user may hold a fork, pencil or pen or use a typewriter or work in all sorts of useful designs, all required being to plunge the hand in hot water, mould it to the new tool and dip it in cold water to set the mould. There is no end to the possibilities of this method by wounded soldiers and its use is becoming general and highly successful among our wounded men in hospitals.

* * * * *

Wounded soldiers are not unappreciative of the attention given them in army hospitals, as is evidenced by a letter written by 140 former patients at Camp Custer, Mich., written while en route to Camp Sheridan, Ill., to which they were transferred early this month. A copy has just been received by the Surgeon General, and gave him much pleasure to know that the service being rendered by his department is appreciated by the wounded men.

The letter, dated April 8, on the hospital train en route to Camp Sheridan, is addressed to Major L. S. Beals, medical officer in charge at Camp Custer, and to the medical officers, nurses, aides, Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, and other organizations, and was prepared by Sergeant Edward White, and signed by the individual patients.

"We, the undersigned, former patients of the base hospital, Camp Custer, wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the many courtesies and the kind treatment extended to us while patients at Camp Custer," the letter reads. "Our stay at Camp Custer will long be remembered and it is with heavy hearts that we leave the base hospital at Custer. We wish to especially thank Major Kenzie, Captain Hedreg, Lieut. Martin for their treatment and attention while enroute to Fort Sheridan, and we cannot say enough for the way Mr. Corbett of the K. of C. and Mr. Otis of the Red Cross used us on the train on the way down. Again thanking everyone connected with the base hospital for the wonderful treatment accorded us while patients there, we bid you a fond adieu." One of the signers added after his name "Thanks to Captain Mercer and all the orthopedic staff, also Dr. Azus."

* * * * *

The development and putting into play of musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, is to be undertaken at army camps and hospitals as a part of the reconstruction program for sick and wounded soldiers. Under the direction of the Surgeon General the work has been inaugurated at Camp Meade, Md., by Mrs. George H. Stearns of Syracuse, N. Y., whose studio and work is so well known in the north. Associated with her is her daughter, Miss Cornelia Stearns, a reconstruction aide, who is said to be the youngest girl in the federal service.

In her work Mrs. Stearns seeks to bring out the musical capabilities of both officers and men in camps and hospitals who are either injured or suffering with serious mental defects, and her efforts at

Camp Meade have proven very successful, so much so that she has organized a band of thirty pieces and instituted a Sunday evening community sing. Mrs. Stearns goes through the wards and can tell by a man's face whether he is a musician or not. One patient she tells of was a man who would have nothing to do with his fellow patients because of his dejected condition over his physical ills. By personal conference Mrs. Stearns brought out the admission that years ago he played the guitar, and by various inducements he took up the old talent and today is a member of a stringed orchestra at Meade. Another musically inclined man had his playing hand damaged, but Mrs. Stearns reversed the strings on the guitar and he is a regular player in the orchestra. A captain, a total nervous wreck, was interested in music, and he is now an expert with the big drum. Mrs. Stearns has fitted out a ward in the hospital as a studio and is always there to give instruction and encourage the men in developing their musical talents. Upon the request of the patients music of any kind desired is played, grand opera, rag time or church.

In citing examples of this curative work, Mrs. Stearns spoke of the case of one patient who had lost his left arm in the war and who was very despondent over his condition. He had been a pianist in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra before the war. Mrs. Stearns sought out another patient whose right arm had been rendered useless by the misfortunes of war, and instructed the two to play the piano together. They are now earning \$150 a week. She has an orchestra of seven overseas men, all who have been wounded, one of the men thirty times. She believes some of this talent could be used to great advantage in the Liberty Loan Drive.

It is believed the extension of this work among patients at army hospitals will do much towards keeping up the spirits of the men while under treatment and at the same time train them along lines that will be of benefit to them when they return to civil life.

BASEBALL. (More Hot Stuff.)

It is very interesting to denote the developments on the ball field these days, if they may be called developments. The officers have taken to competing with one another and during their games are making plays that were never heard of before. The scores are also very interesting and small as well. When we lost count in the last game that was played (last Saturday afternoon) it was the end of the fifth inning and the score was something like 18-18. Now nobody is able to ascertain just what the cause of these big scores are. Some say that it is the pitcher's fault and that anybody could hit the pitchers we have, so that everybody gets on base. Others say that it is due to poor support and that the pitchers have no team back of them and cannot be expected to do any better. Well, in the long run, we think it is both that are at fault. Of course, we must admit that while Charley Horse is to blame for most of the trouble, there is a little poor judgment shown all around, but let us hope that we are getting better all the time.

Lieutenant Flood is running the job just now and we feel that under his guidance, things will pick up somewhat. Lieut. Marvel has offered to run a training table for those who are interested in the formation of the ball team, so that at night special meals can be had for the men, allowing them to play from five o'clock until seven or seven-thirty. It is rumored that at this table, only the choicest three inch sirloins will be served, with mushroom gravy, lobster salads, etc. Let's all join, boys.



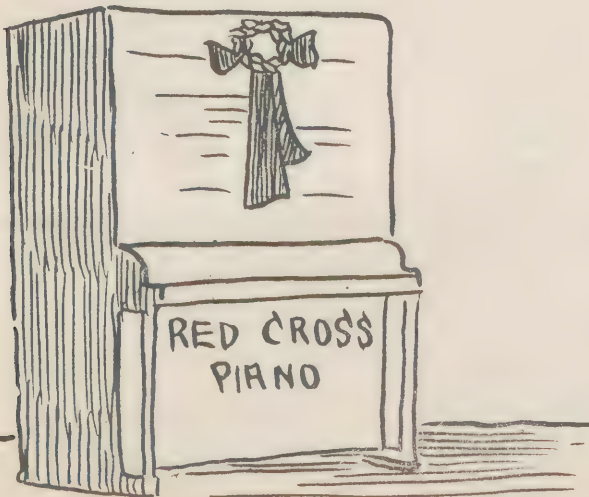
WANTED - SCHOOL
FOR UMPIRES -
OR SOME NEW
GLASSES

A QUIET MORNING
JAUNT AT THE OVAL

RETURNING TO
CIVIES 4000 B.C.
(BY MACE)



HAVE YOU BOUGHT
IT YET?



IN MEMORIUM
(MOURNED BY ALL)

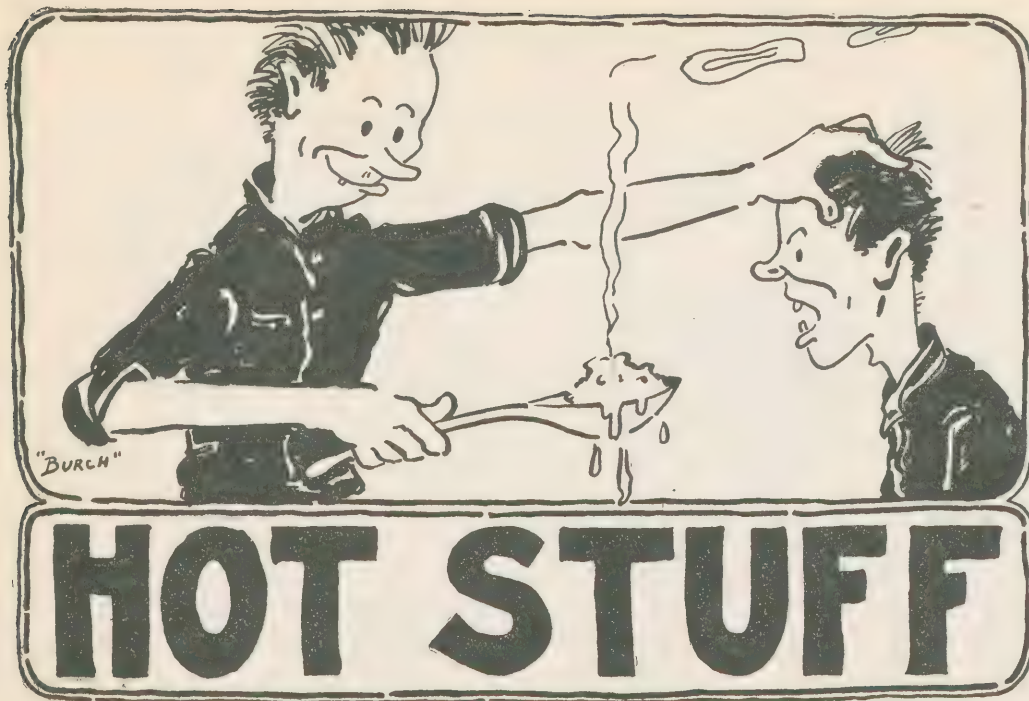


CORP.
WALTER B.
SHIMMEY ARTIST

GOING AFTER AMOS
AMOS-QUITO



(THAT'S WHAT WE WERE TOLD)
WE THOUGHT THEY WERE
OILING THE ROAD



"HOWDY, BOY, HOWDY"

One of the most famous of the American hospitals in France was located on the race track at Auteuil. Thousands of wounded American soldiers were treated there. Watching these heroes and the surgeons and nurses one day a visitor said:

"This noted old track never held as many thoroughbreds as it does now."

DEEP STUFF

Smiling Capt. "Timm" recently wanted to know why it was necessary to operate on two officers.

Captain Ryan explained the operation in detail to the satisfaction of Captain "Timm." O boy, much joy.

For further information address all inquiries to Captain "Timm."

GOLD BRICKING

Up in the wards one of the aides had given a patient some brushes and paints with which to paint a picture. She returned later to see how he was getting along.

"Why, what's this?" she said, "you haven't drawn anything at all."

"Please, ma'am, yes I have," replied the patient. "It's a war picture—a long line of ammunition wagons at the front. You can't see 'em because they're camouflaged."

BABY CODE

(For the guidance of returned soldier fathers on seeing their babies.)

"Addadda:" Welcome home.

"Blubbs:" Your mustache tickles.

"Cffisk:" You look good to me!

"Sudds:" Why did you stay so long?

"Flfffs:" Oh you hero!

"Gooh:" Mother knew a good thing all right.

"Hoovfx:" Lift me way up to the ceiling.

"MMff:" Kiss me!

"Plpil:" Let me feel of your cheeks.

"Qllk:" Give me that medal to suck!

"Raddr:" Don't leave us again.

"Wahwah:" My pa!

—From Life.

NO FURLONGS FOR US

A well-dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a longish interval of rest between two heaves of a pick.

"Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."

HEALTH HINTS

1. Sleep with the window closed tight.
2. Never air your bed covers.
3. Never go to bed.
4. Over eat.
5. Don't eat at all.
6. Swallow your food without chewing it well.
7. Be tough and wear much clothing.
8. Never take a bath.
9. Don't ever think of changing your underwear weekly.
10. Never walk but always ride.
11. Keep mouth open when breathing and never take deep breath.
12. Don't drink any water.
13. Never take an afternoon off a week.
14. Have a good grouch on all the time.
15. Never exercise and then get licked.

Bill — "I saw a woman hung yesterday."

Tom — "Where?"

Bill — "Around her lover's neck."

First Patient — Here, help me with my bed, will you?

Second Patient — Aw, Bull Durham for yours.

First P. — How's that? I don't get you.

Second P. — Bull Durham! That is a polite way of saying, "Make your own."

Mother (who fears for Pat's religion)—Son, what did you give up during Lent?

Pat (home from Parkview on furlough) — All hopes of discharge.

BY JINKS!

Pay Day

This morning
As I awoke from
My much appreciated sleep
It was with
That feeling undefinable
That something
Pleasant was about
To take place
Then I remembered
It was pay day
All day
My mind has
Raced
With the thots
Of the joy
To come
I stood in line
For weary hours
And received
The princely recompense
Of three and twenty
Bucks — then hied me
Off to pay my bills
I paid my bills
Then to the
Canteen I betook
Myself
There in that
Luxurious emporium
I feasted on the
The finest in the land
Rare vintages
Hires and Moxie
I consumed
Then pie and cake
Made by the
Chefs of olden times
When appetite for
Things most craved
Was gone
I turned with
To wait
With expectant face
For pay day next.

LIL' BIT O' EVERYTHING

Lil' dash o' powder,

Lil' bit o' paint,

"Lily o' the Valley"

Odor — Oh so faint!

Lil' bit o' khaki,

Lil' sorta blouse,

Lil' bit o' soldier man

Kinda makes his bows.

Lil' bit o' talking,

Lil' bit o' chat,

Soldier takes her lil' hand.

Who minds a thing like that?

Lil' closer lady sits,

Lil' closer boy;

Soldier goes an' takes a kiss,

Lil' bit o' joy!

Lil' sound o' footsteps,

Lil' spark o' light;

"Oh Heavens! What will my father do?"

Soldier says — "Good night."

Port of Missing Men

Found — A son!

Buddy, there is a sentence with some meaning. It may not mean much to you, but it brought happiness into a Missouri home, and brought together a father and his soldier son from whom he had not heard in two years — and the Port of Missing Men was the means by which it was brought about.

Here's the story:

Among the thirty-two hospital newspapers of the Medical Department in which the Port of Missing Men column is printed is the "Fort Bayard News," published at the U. S. Army General Hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. A copy of this paper somehow came into the hands of John McClenning, 1915 Market Street, Hannibal, Missouri, and he noted the existence of the Port of Missing Men. Without hope, this old man, bowed with grief and weary with waiting for word from his son, from whom he had not heard in two years, sent an inquiry asking for news of Private Alvis D. McClenning. Fate was kind, for Private McClenning was at that minute a patient in the hospital recuperating from wounds received overseas, and receiving the best of medical attention.

It took but a moment for the Morale Officer of the hospital to advise Mr. McClenning that his long lost son was at Fort Bayard "sitting pretty" and eager and anxious to see his daddy. Daddy McClenning wired back that he was on his way, and it was only a few hours before the grateful father was enjoying a happy reunion with his soldier son.

Now you can see just what the Port of Missing Men is accomplishing. Everybody scan the inquiries below, and there may be more reunions.

Let's find some more lost buddies!

BOYDOH, BUIE W., Pvt., Co. G, 7th Inf., 3d Div., A. E. F., reported killed in action on July 15, 1918. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Mary Boydoh, Monongah, W. Va.

JOHNSON, KNUT A., Pvt., last address Co. M, 348th Inf., Camp Pike, Ark. Has not been heard from since June 6, 1918. Inquiry made by Mrs. Peter Hagness, Grand Forks, N. D.

VINCENT, HARLOW H., Pvt., Co. H, 362d Inf., 91st Div., reported died from wounds Sept. 28, 1918. No further information has been received since. Inquiry made by sister, Mrs. James R. McEwan, 1724 So. Eighth street East, Salt Lake City, Utah.

TAYLOR, ERWIN, Pvt., Co. I, 23rd Inf., reported missing in action, since July, 1918, has not been heard of since. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Charles Taylor, 557 Pearl street, Watertown, N. Y.

ANDERSON, CARL A., Pvt., Co. D, 14th M. F. Battalion, A. E. F., reported missing in action since October 12, 1918, no further information since. Inquiry made by parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Anderson, P. O. Box 2, Michigamme, Mich.

TYRRELL, HAROLD H., Pvt., Co. C, 163d Inf., A. E. F., reported missing in action since August 3, 1918; last heard from July 20, 1918. Inquiry made by Mrs. Robert Tryrell, Salida, California, Stanislaus County.

RICHMOND, LEVI R., Pvt., Co. E, 58th Inf., 4th Div., reported wounded August 4, 1918, and taken to Base Hospital No. 34, Ward 314, A. E. F., later reported as having died on voyage home, Ship Comfort, December 4, 1918. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. John Mee, Pequot, Minn., P. O. Box 33.

REGER, JOHN P., Pvt., Co. C, 137th Inf., A. E. F., via New York. Last heard from October 10, 1918. Inquiry made by sister, Miss Grace Reger, R. F. D., No. 1, Page, N. D.

WERDEBAUGH, LEON H., Cook, last address Provisional Cook Company, No. 1, Kitchen No. 9, Brest, France. Last heard from January, 1919, was preparing to sail for United States at that time. Inquiry made by father, J. R. Werdebaugh, North-ern Hotel, Billings, Mont.

WINTERS, MARVIN GIRARD, Corp., Co. C, 114th Inf., New Jersey troops, A. E. F. Reported severely wounded October 12, 1918; no further information since. Inquiry made by father, J. L. Winters, Smith Mills, N. J.

BRIGGS, JAMES RAY, Pvt., last address Casual Company 495, A. E. F. Has not been heard from since November 25, 1918. Inquiry made by parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. W. Briggs, Zimmerman, Minn.

WRIGHT, OAK, Pvt., Inf., reported wounded in action September 10, 1918. Was last heard from October 23, 1918, at that time he was in some base hospital in France. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Jennie Wright, Dolores, Col.

CASSENS, WALTER WILLIAM, Pvt., Co. E, 47th Inf. Reported missing in action since August 1918. No word since. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. E. Cassens, 912 West Fourth street, Sterling, Ill.

JOHNS, DAVID, Pvt., Machine Gun Co. B, 103rd Inf., 26th Div. Reported missing in action since July 18, 1918; no further information since. Inquiry made by Miss Annie Watson, Somers, Conn.

HRIEBER, WALTER, Pvt., last address 11th Inf. Co. I, 5th Div., formerly a member of the 331st Infantry. Has not been heard from since October, 1918. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. George Hrieber, 1440 Idarose avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

PAULEY, CURTIS, Pvt., Co. F, 30th Inf., Base Hospital No. 3, A. E. F., was last address. Has not been heard from since last fall. Inquiry made by sister, Ora Pauley, 719 1-2 Bigley avenue, Charleston, W. Va.

CONWAY, CHARLES ALBERT, Sergt., Co. D, 61st Inf., 5th Div., under Capt. L. B. Glasgow. Reported killed in action October 14, 1918, in Argonne Forest; no word since. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Catherine A. Conway, 795 South High street, Akron, Ohio.

DOBRY, CHARLES, Pvt., last address Co. K, 163rd Infantry, A. E. F. Reported missing in action since August 5, 1918. Has not been heard from since. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. B. Dobry, Baldwin, Mich.

LEADER, ROY H., Pvt., Co. A, 362nd Inf., A. E. F. via N. Y. A. P. O. 776. Reported missing in action September 28, 1918, later reported wounded. No word since. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Herman Leader, Morristown, Minn., Rice Co.

TUNELL, EARL L., Bugler, Co. D, 117th Inf., 30th Div., A. E. F. Reported killed in action Oct. 17, 1918. Address all communications to his sister, Mrs. Fred Tyrer, 605 Grand street, Austin, Minn.

CLARK, CHARLES E., Pvt., last address Co. C, A. E. F. Reported missing in action since July 22, 1918. Was formerly a member Co. F, under Capt. Wilson. Has not been heard from since July. Inquiry made by brother, R. H. Clark, Hazen, N. Dak.

NILES, LEROY, Corp., Co. A, 140th Inf., 35th Div. Reported missing in action since Sept. 29, 1918; no further information since. Inquiry made by wife, Mrs. LeRoy Niles, 809 Sheridan avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

NICLEY, CHARLES, Sergt., Casual 139th inf. Last heard from was stationed at Camp Merritt, N. J. Inquiry from Miss Alfra Sheanes, 1210 Prichard street, Charleston, W. Va.

KIRCHENBAUER, FRED, Pvt., 10th Co. Replacement Draft, Camp Cody. Last heard from in July, 1918. Inquiry from sister Miss Rose C. Kirchenbauer, Clear Lake, Minn.

ROACH, WALTER T., Pvt., Co. E, 38th Inf., reported missing in action October 13, 1918. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. Mary S. Cahalan, Ionia County, Hubbardston, Mich.

DORSEY, SAMUEL H., Pvt., A. P. O. 324. Inquiry from H. E. Dorsey, Moro, Madison County, Ill.

EDWARDS, ROLAND W., Lieut. Headquarters Company, 104th Inf., 26th Div., reported missing in action since June 18, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. F. M. M. Edwards, 36 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.

MURPHEY, EDWARD, Pvt., Engineers, last stationed at Ft. Benj. Harrison, Ind. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. Matilda Richards, Gasprella, Florida.

MACE, L. A., Corp., 330th Inf. Last heard from October 31, 1918. Inquiry from father, J. A. Mace, Hotchkiss, W. Va.

ABER, HENRY, Pvt., First Battalion O. A. R. D. Camp Taylor, Ky. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from niece, Miss Ruth Davey, Illinois, Ill.

HIGGINS, EDWARD S., Pvt., Unit 8, Medical Corps, Allentown, Pa. Last heard from in August, 1918. Inquiry from father, W. B. Higgins, care J. B. Van Scriver Co., Camden, N. J.

MOORE, ERNEST A., Co. B, 349th Inf. Last heard from on October 12, 1918. Inquiry from sister, Lora Moore, Bloomfield, Mo.

EDWARDS, THOMAS N., Pvt., 38th Co. Overseas Casuals, Camp Merritt, N. J. Arrived in France November 26, 1918. Inquiry from father, J. W. Edwards, 917 Pratt avenue, Mattoon, Ill.

PERRY, THOMAS WESLEY, Seaman (second class), U. S. N., reported lost on the S. S. Arco, which was sunk on October 20, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. J. C. Perry, Kingland, Ga.

ATTENTION! SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

(Continued from Page 3.)

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